

# AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY CANADA.

No. 36. Head-quarters, 13 Esther Street, Toronto, Can.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 4th 1885.

Mailed for one year for \$1.00. Price 3 cents

No. LIVIII. — "THEORETICAL RELIGION."



**T H E  
General's Letter.  
TO THE  
SOLDIERS  
OF THE  
SALVATION ARMY.  
Sent over the  
WORLD.**

—oo—

My Dear Comrades,

Are we not practical people after all? We say we are. We profess to measure ourselves by the good actually accomplished. But are we what we seem? Are we a reality? My mind is agitated on the subject.

Nothing is worse—we feel that nothing can very well be more abominable to God and angels. And we are sure that nothing can be more abominable to ourselves than shame and make-believe. We hate them with a hatred that we believe is divine. We have said so before; we are always saying so, and we shall go on saying so, because we feel it in our bones.

In this hatred at least we have Jesus Christ for our pattern. He was—as we all know—pitiful and lenient to thieves and publicans (tax gatherers—not drunk makers, prostitutes, and poor harlots, but honest men) on the principles of salvationists about His time. He unshamed their hollow hypocrisy, called them hard names, spoke of them as a generation of poisonous snakes, and wondered how it was possible for the church of God to remain in existence under what persons made them countenance to escape a damnation.

Do you ask me, my comrades, why the Pharisees excited this bitter antipathy of the Master? I answer because it was a mere pretence—a hollow form, an empty ceremony, they did their religion as if it were by machinery, and they knew it.

They had a theory which they did not practically carry out; used religion and the name of God as手段 to all ends, to gain wealth, to obtain influence, and temporal interests. They traded on the everlasting hopes and fears that are born in men's souls, for the sordid purpose of making gain and reputation and position. They were a gigantic hypocrisy. Hence His hatred of His denunciation—His warning words.

We can understand this my comrades. It is perfectly natural for the Son of God to feel thus. We feel after this fashion ourselves to all whom lives contradict the theories of truth, if his life was a continual falsehood? Or a man who will not stand up for his principles, who will not be a practical atheist? Or a boaster in the beauty and value of benevolence when he seemed to be a practical miser? Or a politician who was always showing how his reforms made things better, and you made the condition of things, who when vested with power and possessed of the opportunity, betheld nothing?

If then theory, unaccompanied by practice, is such an abomination in earthly things, what must it be when associated with those eternal questions which are measured by value?

What of those of religious people who say they love God and worship at His feet and huddle Him temples, and yet do not even pretend to keep His commandments?

Or what shall we say of those who call themselves Christians—who say they are disciples of Christ?—and yet who follow him one yard further than where all is pleasant and smooth? who never for a moment dream of going with him to the wilderness, to Gethsemane or to the cross to save the souls of men?

Or of those who say they believe in Hell and would spend anything there if they could? who do not believe that they and others in practice will not part with the luxuries of life, or endure the smallest hardship in order to save the souls of the poor sinners about them from going there?

Oh, my comrades, this hollow truth in theory and practice! It can in practice be awful. My soul is agitated about it. Do we stand clear ourselves? Let us look at our lives and answer to God for ourselves.

What is the end of a religious organization? Is it not to maintain the name of God? Well, I suppose that is very important, but we find He could maintain His name and fame in the earth without us. For the offering up of worship and praise? Very good, but we suppose that is not all. The great purpose must be to continue and carry out and complete the work that Christ began of saving the world from its black rebellion, delivering it from the power of the floods of hell and bringing it back to God.

Let us measure the religious organizations by this standard. Surely no one naming the name of Christ can object that the salvationists cannot and will not. Let the standard be. Apply it fairly. What is the result?

Men manage the worth of earthly organizations by the standard which demands the end for which they are instituted. Take a fire brigade, for instance, for instance. This would be nothing, anyway, people would say so, if not practical. They might paint the firemen's helmets with rainbow, and glittering helmets; give them a thousand lessons in all the secrets of their business; show them how to manipulate their engines and hose and ladders and hand-buckets and all the paraphernalia

who are being literally swallowed up in the flames.

Yesterday was Sunday. Oh, what talking and preaching! Oh, what other religious services were held! What doings in general there were! But so far as stopping the burning that is going on about us—the terrible burning that is consuming so much happiness and blighting and clawing—many poor souls, what was done?

My comrades, never mind the other people. Take your eyes off them. What else according to you? Oh, what Christian cities are full of fiestas at midnight. They tell me that in this city in which I write—which has been lately said to be the most religious city in the world—there were eighty thousand of these poor creatures.

And who cares?

Our prisons are full of criminals. London prison alone there is always an average of a thousand debauched women.

Who cares?

All over Christendom thousands of little children are being brought up in schools to commit crime. Unless death interferes they are certain to become criminals, and equally certain to be damned.

Who cares?

At the corner of almost every street in the cities where the Christians live there is a trap to catch and ruin souls—a trap beautifully lit and fitted and painted and baited.

are on their way to perdition; not the salesmen, but the Christians, and the criminals, and especially according to the Christ by whom the Christians swear—the people who held the theory of religion and do not practice it. For them, according to the Master, is reserved the hottest damnation earth.

Who cares?

It is there a triple mirage—a fire—an earthquake—a famine—which by a few strokes of lightning, and poor, and children die, going out into the world to perish, and a hue and cry there is! What a sensation!

But here, come and listen! Hear! to the march of millions to endless misery! Tramp! tramp! tramp! There they go—from every land, more especially the Christian land, for God's bowls of compassion, to prove the beaten multitudes thereon down in every street, from every house, the children, the fathers and mothers, the aged ones—on they go up to the Judgment Seat and then down—Hell!

My comrades, it must be so. The State of New York, for instance, discloses a State of things to make even unhappy, Bibles and Bishops and ministers and everybody else says so—in theory. But who cares, and whose practice is in keeping with their faith? Where are we, as Christians? I am grieved about the nation. Where are we? Where are you, dear comrades?

I must pause for reflection.

Farewell till next week. Meanwhile put the question to your hearts,

## OWEN SOUND.

Praise God for victory; meetings good all this week. Sinners feeling their need of a Saviour, and still we are not satisfied.

Five precious souls ventured out, and Jesus burst the bonds that bound them to Satan, and still we are not satisfied.

Cadet Brown for Capt. Churchill and Lieut. Pease.

KINCARDINE.

I arrived here on Saturday night; found the Lieut. sick in bed. Praise the Lord he is getting better.

On Sunday went to the den in full size; we tried hard to urest our meetings, but praise the Lord he overcame his mark and lost the victory.

Pte. John Kirby for Lieut. Grattan, Cadet Barnes.

WATERDOWN.

Victory through the Blood of Christ. The devil being defeated, and his servants dreading him. Hallelujah!

One Precious Soul, who was deeply dyed in sin, turned from her wicked ways, and is now serving God with a clean heart. We are determined to take Waterdown for Jesus.

Capt. Sweetman, Cadets Savage and Thomson.

## WILL YOU SEEK

—AND—  
**SAVE THE LOST.**

(By Colonel Booth)

"But do I not feel it is in my calling!" "It is not my work to seek this class." Perhaps there is nothing more common than to hear such answers on the park of many when pressed to go down to raise some fallen one to seek some outcast, and it would seem that such had forgotten the words, "Hereto perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Yet the pale faces, many of whom were so anxious to be found ready admit that such a mission is not bound and bounden duly of some, such as their officer or the sergeant of the corps, their minister or class-leader and thus tens of thousands—whose broad path to destruction might be blocked with saving hindrance, and whose swift course to ruin might be checked by some prayer of faith or intercession, and the power to be gulf of despair! But they are responsible, and answerably run round OUT THESE LOST ONES. It is their mission—Yours.

Heart-rending Realities to deal with. Go yourself. Stand any Saturday night, and then behold the dogs trodden.

Sin-scared ones about you! Oh! for God's sake DO SEEK THEM

But beyond the work of finding these outcast ones, the responsibility of these SALVATION rests upon us. We are to bear the burden of thy restoration or reformation that thou art accompanied with genuine conversion, and we see it to be useless to hope for any happiness or permanent results where there is not definite change of heart. We must make thorough-going, earnest efforts to save souls. Ingenious brains, will-be-will-not, and the like, will have derived multitudes of means for reaching and rescuing men and women, but all that fails short of leading them to definite change of heart and renewal of life are comparatively fruitless and worthless. Not our power and energies must more than ever be concentrated upon this one thing—of getting them saved.

It is appalling how little feeling or responsibility some people have for the conversion of others. One sometimes wonders whether they believe in CONVERSION AT ALL. I remember Mrs. Booth speaking of being in a sickroom once, and hearing a Scripture reader say a few words to a sick man, and noticing his manner of saying them, she thought to herself, "Now, this man could easily imagine this reading man was walking in the room upon the most momentous of all occasions, and at the most awful crisis of his life?" He did not even pray; and when Mrs. Booth suggested that the sick man would probably like to hear her say a few words to him, and when the Scripture reader was the one who never makes any real and personal effort to get them to consider their sins, and SEEK YOUNGNESS OF GOD. The unfeelingness of a man's mind, in disturbing of his feelings,

Have you made one special effort this week to get any of them saved?



## RESCUING THE FALLEN.

Thousands of souls are being lost every day. Your own brothers and sisters.

of their craft. But if they did not put out the fires, and rescue the husband and wives and children from the blazing buildings, the citizens would count them as traitors. The just will rejoice to see the salvationists fulfil well for them. They would say, "We don't care about your drill, and skill and engines; the only use you are to us is to put out fires and save lives!"

I fancy the angels of Heaven, our measures, our religious organizations, are not perfect. God, the great King who sits upon the Throne of heaven, in heart, of us all, "what good are you and talk and yodel, what good are your words and songs, our prayers, our religion, our theories—what do they all say?" They say the millions around us—the hundreds of millions, the thousands of millions,

Who cares?

Believe me, yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

CANNINGTON.

We find a real lot of kind friends in Cannington, who may have failed to notice us. Cadet Pease has travelled this road and deep sympathy rested on the people. We have not many Soldiers here, but, bless the Lord I we have seen and are always found at their post. God's messengers must always have a well blooded and fine Corps here. Pray for us. Soldiers going in the fountain mean victory.

Two prisoners for the wall, Capt. Cathcart and WIFE, Cadet Fletcher. Who cares?

Believe me, yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

ANOTHER LIE.

Whereas the Toronto News has published, and other papers have copied, and many believe, the following . . .

—It is stated that the Major of the Salvation Army is placed in to provide the nation with all the information concerning the soldiers and the Salvationists that is a scandal.

We find a real lot of kind friends in Cannington, who may have failed to notice us. Cadet Pease has travelled this road and deep sympathy rested on the people. We have not many Soldiers here, but, bless the Lord I we have seen and are always found at their post. God's messengers must always have a well blooded and fine Corps here. Pray for us. Soldiers going in the fountain mean victory.

Two prisoners for the wall, Capt. Cathcart and WIFE, Cadet Fletcher.

(Exchange photographs)



# THE WAR CRY

GALT.

THE DEVIL IN US.

**HALLELUJAH!** Another week has passed, and we have been meeting him till it is the Devil. Since our last report he has been having victory, and seems to be coming to us every day.

**ONE AND TWO'S.**

Soldiers are getting some of the old Jerusalem fire into them and are going in for saving souls.

Sunday night we bombarded the Devil in the air. We have now cut him off so that if we want his services we shall go to them. Had a grand open air; the Devil came in our ring in the shape of a drummer-man. When we went down on our knees, of course, it just like the devil had to run. We're going on, and we never did.

Capt. Gage, Cadet Pettigrew, and Ross.

**NEWCASTLE.**

Praise God! We are marching along and getting souls for the week. Although not much as we would like, but prayer and faith must bring the victory.

Yesterday our meetings were good. The Spirit of the Lord has taken hold of the hearts of the people, and wounded them. We believe they will die (unto sin). God grant it.

Although the fight here we will never give in, but will press onward and upward. We are the instruments of our high calling and make our calling and election sure. One backslider for the week.

Lieut. J. Beaver.

**TILSBURG.**

Oh brother, just think this moment when Jesus has done. To Hesyan He brought His languishing eyes, and cried, "It is finished." Now the conqueror cried, "Hallelujah for you and me." Will you always do this?

One grand, blushing, joyful shout. Would up with two backsliders of old, fell of Jesus. My God keep them this time. There is young men in this town who ask to be taken for their comrades, remember them at 12:40.

Lieut. Ted Broadbent, Cadet Jim Puckerling.

**LINDSAY.**

We praise God this morning that we have fought through another week for our countrymen. Many heavy hearts have been fired into the Devil's ranks, and we rejoice to see

One Soul and Three Backsliders returning home to God, and many wounded. We are determined to make this the best we ever knew.

Lieut. Godfrey for Capt. Scott, Cadet Martin.

**Chatham.**

Glory Hallelujah! Another week's march nearer Heaven. As we march along other precious souls are falling in the ranks, and marching to Heaven with us. Good morning all. Friday night holiness meeting a time of mighty power, when some were snatched to

lay their all at Jesus' feet for time and eternity, to be used only for His glory, and

two precious souls

were made happy in Christ. We are more determined than ever to go on believing to see Chatham at the feet of Jesus. We closed the week with four precious souls for the week.

Capt. Ayles, Lieut. Orshard.

**DUNDAS.**

Friday was a God glorifying time, where we all gave ourselves afresh to Him from whom all blessings flow. Saturday at 8 o'clock, and when the invitation was given that we be invited to come from their seats and come forward to a Saviour, who received them gladly. Sunday a crowning day, one precious soul, making four for the week. To God be all the glory.

Capt. Totem, Lieut. Soper, Cadet Walker.

**CUELPH.**

Victory on Israel's side. Men are getting better. Hallelujah! If looking back over the battlefield we can rejoice in seeing.

Cadet Jones for Capt. Friesen.

**WYOMING.**

Holiness meeting Friday night was great. The dear Lord came in mighty power, and the glory swept over our meeting. The Soldiers and Christians testified of a full and free salvation.

The Captain to the moon to much. They still want us under the power of glory. Hallelujah!

Good meetings all day Sunday. Glory to our own souls because we are in Jesus. We are believing for a grand smash in the Devil's camp. Our enemies are getting few to the Devil. Since our last report he has been having victory, and seems to be coming to us every day.

Capt. Jones.

**PETERBOROUGH.**

Victory! Victory! Victory!

Praise God, we are having victory, on every hand. The Devil's efforts to stop us to get to Peterborough are failing, so far as we can tell. Had a grand open air; the Devil came in our ring in the shape of a drummer-man. When we went down on our knees, of course, it just like the devil had to run. We're going on, and we never did.

Capt. Gage, Cadet Pettigrew, and Ross.

**Paris.**

Since our last report

Two souls have left their way to Calvary, and found a Saviour who will lead to freedom from the bonds of sin. Sunday, good meetings all day. We felt that God did bless us as we told the people of Jesus and His love for them. Many were many felt the need of salvation.

Capt. Smith, Lieut. Williams, Cadet Ferguson.

**PALMERSTON.**

Oh, Hallelujah! Still they come! Who's it? "We're here to stay." Friday night we had a grand meeting in Staff Sgt. Clark, George to Palmerston. Grand musical. Soldiers all alive, and praise God.

One dinner and one backslider welcomed King Jesus to their hearts. Powerful meeting yesterday, Jesus with us all day from 7 a.m. till 7 p.m. Eight meetings each day, all when

Four more left

No ranks of the devil and came over on the Lord's side. God bless and keep them all true to our prayer, making

Five more left

To God be all the glory.

Capt. Stacey, Cadet Oldfield.

**Drayton.**

We are still fighting on in the strength of King Jesus; and we believe we are going to gain the victory. The Christians here are doing well, and we are right in to pull down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and build up God's Kingdom.

Cadet Cross.

**DRESDEN.**

Hallelujah! We are watching for souls instead of people's faults, and God's power appears to be more in our midst. The devil works here very much in the flesh, and we are doing well. We are right in to pull down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and build up God's Kingdom.

Capt. Lottie Willis, Cadet Langtry, and Hart, the King's daughters.

**PORT HOPE.**

Orders came to farewell... Away we go to Port Hope, where we find a lot of work to be done for eternity. We have had the victory, and

Seen four poor wanderers come home, Believing for greater victories we still march on.

Capt. Goodall, Lieut. Sharp, Cadet Richards.

**BRUSSELS.**

Praise God for Victory! Since our last report we have had

Six precious souls.

Two young men that has been convicted of sin for a long time, has come to Christ, and given up pride. The respectable devil, he is the worst kind to deal with, and another young woman sitting in the audience, who was a backslider, was asked to come to Christ, she fell at His feet and gave all for Jesus. She said she was such a big sinner and so full of pride; but God broke her heart, and up with grace, and will give her all, and she might have peace. Other sinners weeping in their seats.

Sunday, two backsliders returned to the Heavenly Father again. Dear sinners, just a word to you. "Will you stop your sin?" Stop and think for a moment.

Praying Mary, Singing Emma.

**NORWICH.**

Arrived here for Sunday meetings; Soldiers full of fire waiting for the new Officers; we went in and had a glorious time all day. Grand meetings all the week; dead conviction, and

Four prisoners captured.

Hallelujah! Sunday, met at 7 o'clock for love feast. It was indeed a love feast; God came down and filled us all with His love and glory. We were fired up for the fight, highly wounded.

Friday night's Holiness meeting was a time of heart searching;

Seventeen came out for the blessing, and praise God they got it.

Capt. Totem, Capt. Quinn.

**ORANGEVILLE.**

Victory! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb.

God's good news. Sunday glorified; the convincing spirit worked so mightily on the hearts of the people that

Four Precious Souls

left the ranks of the Devil and came over on the Lord's side. Precious Soldiers getting more of God in their hearts. Our prayer is,

"Lord help us to live near the Cross, and win Orangeville for Jesus."

Capt. Todd, Lieut. Johnston.

**WYOMING.**

Holiness meeting Friday night was great. The dear Lord came in mighty power, and the glory swept over our meeting. The Soldiers and Christians testified of a full and free salvation.

The Captain to the moon to much.

Are you getting any Subscribers for the "War Cry."

**WE'RE A HALLELUJAH BAND.**

Original for the War Cry.

BY LIEUT. WILLIS, DURHAM.

There we're setting o'er the sea.

We're a Hallelujah Band.

Through Heaven's Party Gates will sweep.

We will never fail now, but

Be true to every woe,

Warning signals of that pit so dark and deep.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

How empty the show, away from it I go,

Oh! Give thy Salvation to me.

I freely give thee, thy sins washed away.

My Blood that was shed in the tree,

So the Saviors did say, and I hear it today.

And Salvation is given to me.

Chorus.

With you boys, O come with me,

He that leads of liberty,

That's happy ever after.

Happy through eternity.

We're a Hallelujah Band,

Going to that glorious land,

Where the Angels play their harps so sweet.

Oh! Jesus, I come to Thee, weary and sad.

The world has no pleasure for me;

